

WILLIAM F. SAUER: MEMOIRS OF A PIONEER LIVESTOCK RANCHER OF WASHOE VALLEY, NEVADA

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Description

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William Sauer was regarded by his family and others as a good source of the history of Washoe Valley. Mr. Sauer gives biographical information about his parents and other pioneers of Washoe Valley, accounts of business and social affairs of the area, and an autobiographical account of his years as a resident there.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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University of Nevada Oral History Program
Mail Stop 0324
Reno, Nevada 89557
unohp@unr.edu
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Publication Staff:
Director: Mary Ellen Glass

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

William F. Sauer's father, Andrew Sauer, was an immigrant from Germany. He took up land for a ranch in Washoe Valley, Nevada, and with his German wife, raised a large family there. William Sauer was the ninth child, born in 1878. Part of the ranch was still in the Sauer family in 1966, at the time of recording Mr. Sauer's memoir. The immigrant background of this family remained of intense interest in the children; the memoir presented here is sprinkled with references to ethnic groups.

William Sauer was regarded by his family and others as a very good source of the history of Washoe Valley. His daughter, Mrs. Myra Ratay, planned to write a book incorporating his reminiscences; she was present at the recording sessions to aid in prompting her father's memories.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Project of the Western Studies Center, Mr. Sauer accepted readily. He was an enthusiastic memoirist through the two recording sessions which took place at his ranch home May 9 and 26, 1966. He passed away in July, 1966, before he could review

the memoir. The script was reviewed by Mr. Sauer's daughters, Mrs. Ratay and Mrs. Alice Lohse, and by his wife, Mrs. Alice E. Sauer.

The reminiscence recorded by William Sauer includes biographical information about his parents and other pioneers of the Valley, accounts of business and social affairs of the area, and an autobiographical account of his own years as a resident there.

The Oral History Project of the University of Nevada, Reno, Library (formerly in the DPI Western Studies Center) attempts to preserve the past and the present for future research by tape-recording the memoirs of people who have figured prominently in the development of Nevada and the West. Scripts resulting from the recordings are deposited in the Special Collections departments of the University of Nevada Libraries. William Sauer's script is designated as open for research.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada, Reno
1969

PIONEERS OF WASHOE VALLEY

My father and mother were both Germans—born in Germany. My father, Andrew Sauer, was born January 30, 1829. He came from Germany in about 1848, as near as I know. That was the year of the revolution in Germany, when they were trying to consolidate the German states and his state of Baden didn't want to go in with Bismarck. They gathered up all the people there, and they tried to defend the state, but they were defeated. My father got over into France, and got money from his folks and came to America.

I think he said he was on the ocean thirty-five days in the sailing vessel. During the voyage, he told about all the people who were all down on their knees praying. There was a little Jew in the crowd and he sat to one side while they were praying. They all wanted to be saved.

From New York, he went along the Erie Canal over to the Mississippi River, as far as Cincinnati. Cincinnati at that time, I guess, was the queen city of the Middle West or golden West. He had learned a meat trade, so

he went right to work in the packing houses. I think he stayed around there until he could get money enough to go to California.

Before he went there, he got on a vessel and went down the Mississippi River. He said, "If you get enough money, you could do most anything." He earned a dollar a day, and when he got to the end of thirty days, he said he had thirty dollars extra. He went down to Panama, walked across the Isthmus, and then took a boat to San Francisco.

From San Francisco, he and a group walked to Sacramento to the mines. He said the next day after he got there, he had work. He said he had several along with him; a cousin and others. He said they didn't hold out; he had to keep them.

Then while he was there going into Sacramento, there was a big company there that packed meat to all the miners. They used to get my father to help them out, you know. He said he didn't want to work for them—he could make more money in the mines than for wages. Finally, he said, they had Chinese packers, and the Indians around there, and

different ones. He got so he knew enough Chinese and Indian for trade. He used to always get out there and count in Chinese—I can remember some of it yet.

My mother was Catherine Becker, a Bavarian, and she—I think there was a group of young people—came to New York and then took a boat to come across the Isthmus and to Sacramento. That is where they met.

My father tells the story of two young Jews- They had a little store. They could sell everything they could get ahold of, but they didn't have very much money so he got quite friendly with them. He said to them one day, "I have got \$5,000 lying idle there, if you want to use it, I will let you have it." He never took a note or anything else. They (Jews) never tried to cheat him; they paid right along. When he came to this country, he was brought up a Catholic, but when he got to dealing with people of his own faith, they would run a bill and say, "Collect it if you can."

There was a man by the name of Joseph Frey: He had been over in this country. He had a brother living in Genoa, and he was telling my father about a wonderful place to raise cattle; that it was cattle country. So my father invested in a lot of cattle, and brought a big herd over here to Washoe and took Frey in as a partner.

Just before he started in, he and Mother were married. He left her then, and she came over by stage to Genoa.

They settled at Ophir, and this country was all open during that time the Mormons were here. That was in 1859. During the time the Mormons were here, they never knew a hard winter—very little snow—but that winter came an immense winter. There were about four, and sometimes five feet of snow on the level. They tried to get their cattle off, but most of them starved, and what didn't starve, the rustlers got. He said in the springtime he

had one milk cow left and he had to mix up flour and water to feed her.

Then in 1869, that was the beginning of Virginia City, my father and Frey got out scythes. There was a flock of this wild grass, and they cut enough with scythes to sell \$5,000 worth. Then I guess that day, one of the Winters came along while he was gone—and Frey wasn't any too honest anyway—while my father was gone, he sold the place. My father didn't want to sell. I guess he was fed up with Frey anyway. He had such a violent temper, and so if he couldn't get a horse, he was going, to shoot it. They sold the place and then Frey bought a ranch at Franktown, and Father bought a place down at Washoe City.

It was just a homestead, it was all brush and everything. He cleared it, and he raised quite a lot of vegetables and things. You see, about that time they began to bring in all the ore. There were four or five quartz mills there at Washoe City, and they would bring in all the ore—part of the ore—from Virginia City, and mill it there at Washoe City, and then haul wood and lumber back. They had a great many feed yards there. So he, during the winter time, kept his teams hauling fertilizer from the feed yards, and he raised wonderful crops. Then he used to haul produce to Virginia City.

He said during the time that he was working at the mines near Sacramento, they would go to a little settlement there on a Sunday and perhaps play a game of cards or something. He said there was a big Swiss fellow, kept bothering him. So he said, "Rudolph, if you don't leave us alone, I will hand you a couple." He kept on, and so Pa up and knocked him endways.

After he got to the ranch here, who should appear but Rudolph. My mother said he was very nice to have around the place. He was courteous and he was nice. Then all at once he disappeared and then he showed up. My

father had seen different articles in the paper. Mother said to him, "Why Rudolph, where have you been all this time?"

He said, "I just got out of jail." He had turned stage robber. He said, "The next time they will never get me." I guess they didn't, but they shot him anyway.

They had an Odd Fellows lodge, that old stone building at Washoe. That was a bank in early days and then the Masons had it and then the Odd Fellows got it. So my father used to tell, he said (he never had much use for the English), "They don't know a hell of a lot, but they're tricky as hell. We would go into the lodge and they would come in. After I went over the works once, I knew it. They would come in, 'I forgot my glasses.' " Treasurer after treasurer, every one of them when they went, the money went out with them.

My father was the last treasurer. When they couldn't get a quorum any more, they consolidated with the Reno, and he said, "I gave them every damn dollar that was coming to them. It there was twenty cents, I would give it to them, too."

One of them, my father was sick in bed, and this fellow came to him, "You know, Ball owes me \$600." He said, "I took \$600 out of the treasury, and took his note, and put that into the Odd Fellows."

You know, it is a funny thing, but when I go over to the [Bowers] Mansion, as a gardener there, these people, lots of them would come through and they would say, "Do you remember these people who were here before?" I knew a whole lot about them.. You see, I used to travel with my father, we used to go to Virginia every week and I got a regular education...

He had the most wonderful memory of any man I ever knew. He said, "If I heard a song once, or heard a man speak a piece, I knew it."

His father had been one of Napoleon's body guard and he was one who came back. He went, a few thousand came back, but 400,000 went over. Some of his brothers died there. Dad was brought up in the Catholic Church. His father being an invalid after he came back, his cousins were of the Burgermeister people and his mother was a daughter of the old Burgermeister.

He couldn't go to college; he went to high school and then he learned the butcher's trade. He said, "When I used to go along the street and see these little shoemakers and these little tailors sitting on a bench, starving to death, I was big and husky, I went where I could get something to eat." He used to go out—it wasn't like today—they used to have to bring all the cattle or calves or anything in by foot. If they were to bring in a big cow or a big steer, they had a couple of big dogs to go along. These dogs would herd them in. If a calf got tired some time, he had to throw it on his back and pack it in.

Out there, there was a lot of Jews that were buying, you know, and they would always get together and talk together. In his place where they worked near Heidelberg, they didn't allow Jews in there. But whenever he ran across a little Jew, why, they were tickled to death that they would notice them. So whenever he would listen to the Jews talking, and the first little Jew, he was asking what it meant, and they told him, and he would remember it. Then he came to this country, he spoke Hebrew better than the Jews here.

Then, of course, being an altar boy in the church where he got his voice training, he had a wonderful big bass voice. When he used to come back to Virginia late at night across the lake he would be singing. Mother said, "You shouldn't do that; it will have everybody thinking you are drunk." We could hear him all over the valley.

My sisters and brothers were all born at Washoe. My mother and father being together, you know, would speak German, of course. They had one boy who died when he was about two years old, and then there was about four girls, one after the other. The two oldest girls—there was sort of a private school in Washoe City, and he would send them there so that they could handle English a little better. Mary was the oldest, and then there was Lillie. Then there was Kate and Louise, and then Annie. Annie was about five or six when she died of diphtheria. Then my brother George was born, my brother Frank, and then I came along, and my brother Louis. That settled the hash.

Mary married a man by the name of Kornmayer. He was a wonderful fellow. He had been a staff officer in the Franco-Prussian War, and he was sure an officer. He kept himself strict, you know, and fine.

My father got tired of ranching a little—maybe he wasn't a rancher—so he got a hotel up in Boca. At that time, Boca was a big town, because they had a brewery there and they had lots of woodmen there. There was a big wood camp, and everything. He couldn't put up with the rough stuff, so he turned it over to Kornmayer, and he came back on the ranch. Then my sister Lillie went with them, and then after they moved to Oakdale, she married a man by the name of John Dunlap. He wasn't a lawyer—he was in the meat business—but when they had trouble there they used to get him. There were quite a few regular lawyers there, but whenever one of the outsiders wanted him, he would go in there and he always beat the big fellows. Lillie died in childbirth.

Kate married a man by the name of Henry Heidenreich at Franktown. Then Louise married a man by the name of Louis Zurfluh and George married a grass widow, Cora

Peek. Frank married Viola Smith. Louis, my youngest brother, married Neva Winters. You know, old lady Winters, she was quite uppity, although she could hardly read or write. She used to say, "Don't want any of my people mixed up with that Dutch crowd." But when Neva caught Louis, she was twelve years older than he was. That is the family.

I will tell about my mother's family. Her mother was a wonderful woman. She came from a little town in Germany they call Klingen. It was close to a big city in Bavaria. They had big vineyards and orchards here, and she ran a kind of what they call a hof, you know. Her husband had been in America and he came back. When they were married, he wanted to go back to America, but she wouldn't go so he had to stay there. He only lived a few years and died, got pneumonia and died. They had quite a family there. She came over here to visit her folks, most of them were over here except the younger son. She was sixty-nine years old, but she came over here and couldn't speak a word of English. She could never sit in a rocking chair; it was too much of a waste. She would get a hard-backed chair. They called her "Boss Becker." She had the longest hair, combed back and into a braid below her waist, not a gray hair in it. My uncles were George Becker, Jake Becker, and Fred Becker. Fred lived in Redwood City for years; he was sort of a manager in the tannery. Mother was also related to the Kleppes—that was one of her sisters. Then there was another sister who was Mrs. Carmichael and I forget the other sister's married name. They had the brewery in Washoe, the Becker brothers. Then they moved to Reno. They were related to the Heidtman family. Rose Becker was the daughter who married Heidtman.

The Mormons had just moved out of here and had left, you might say, the scum that didn't want to go with them, at the time my

father moved into the area. Then after they moved out, their law and everything went with them. Orson Hyde was the head of the church and the law. Then my father said they started their own law. He said, "We had good law here." I guess they were a little bit rough.

Orvis Ring used to teach school at Ophir. There was an old man living over here by the name of Dick Sides. He came along with a shotgun and a skinned animal. Mr. Ring came along and said, "Mr. Sides, what have you there?"

He said, "I have just shot the biggest, fattest rabbit you ever saw."

He said, "You wouldn't think of selling it would you?"

"Well," he said, "I might." So Sides took it down to his landlady. Old Sides hadn't seen him for a while, and he met him on the road one time, so he said, "Mr. Ring, how was that rabbit?"

He said, "That was the most delicious morsel I ever ate."

"Wonderful," he said, "do you know what you have eaten? You have eaten Twaddle's cat!" Orvis Ring did not teach at Washoe. He taught at Genoa, Ophir, and Reno.

I will tell you some of the characters down in Washoe. Along the road down here was a family by the name of Hughs; they were Missourians. There was Mandy Hughs and Jim Hughs and the old lady, and they had a little place along the road.. Whenever the old lady used to be out by the gate, lots of times my father would come along and see her standing there, and stop and talk to her a little while. The minute he stopped, she said, "Come on in and see my chickens." He would have to go see her chickens. "Got any tobacco?" and then by that time she reached—she had a big wooden pipe, you know, and she would fill that. She would have enough for a week. Well, then old Hughs, he

had a coonskin cap on, and he was down at the lake hunting ducks and Joe DeMoss, he was a blacksmith at Washoe, he was down hunting, and he sees this coonskin cap and he took a shot at it. So he went to the old lady and gave her ten dollars to take the old man to the doctor to pick out the birdshot. She kept the ten dollars and picked them out herself.

"Old Hen," he was a wonderful fellow. He was a wonderful plasterer and stonemason. He fell from the scaffold and broke his leg. He bought a little saloon there in Washoe, so he would have something until his leg healed. Well, he never left the saloon. He used to get out at night, you know, and holler—sometimes he would holler like anything. Then if he would get a little too many aboard, he would shoot off his gun and then he would get up there and he had a little song he used to sing: "Bill Joe-eye with one glass eye, stole my Indian rubber boots, and I don't know the reason why." Then he would start the whole list of what they did. There was an old fellow there by the name of Doc Murphy. After he had named them all, he would say, "Chicken-thief Murphy."

Then there was old Chauncy Haskell. His spelling bee beat them all. He was an accountant here for years; he was a wonderful old fellow. He had quite an ice business here at Washoe. Then Price had a big ice business here, and somebody came from Arizona to buy ice and this is the way Haskell told them, "You wouldn't buy one crop without he would get both of them."

There were two polygamous families in the Valley. One of them had two wives and the other had two yoke of oxen. So they swapped one yoke of oxen for a wife. Just imagine people, English people with all that wonderful background," coming in and using human beings as a method of barter!

Youngsters I was in school with: there was all ages, they were from eighteen down to six. Some of them were quite bright and some of them almost didn't exist. The Winters were all dumb except one girl, Theodora Winters. She was a very bright girl. Lou Winters was a great big fellow about eighteen years old, he was a husky, dark-haired fellow. He was going to school. His father, he had all his big running stock on a big ranch out near Sacramento, and he stayed there most of the time. Every spring, just as soon as the snow was off, he would come up, and he would get them all to work. He had a blacksmith there, and sometimes a helper to fix all the big plows and all the machines, what they needed there. He had a whole bunch of Indians there, ten or fifteen Indians. They lived in tents.

One morning Mr. Winters said to Lou, "Well, Lou, what are you learning at school?"

"Nothing.

"Well, goddamn you, I'll learn you something. Tomorrow morning, you get out there with those plows, and double plow with six horses and get to work. I'll learn you something." The old man had to go back to Sacramento and he showed up about a month or so afterwards.

"Well, Lou, do you think you can learn anything?"

"I think so."

"Well, goddamn you, see that you do."

My family went to Nettie Winters' wedding. It was wintertime and they had a big winter. The railroad was open so they had a private train—an engine and a car. I don't know what they picked up at Carson, but they went through to Reno and they picked up the guests there, and brought them up. They had the tracks right down from the house, and they were there with sleighs, and took them up to the house.

Old man Winters had chosen this man for his daughter, and she had another man that she had been in love with. He was a big, tall fellow, very fine man. He was foreman there at the ranch. Her father's choice kept after her until she said, "Yes, I'll marry him, goddamn him. I'll make it misery for him the rest of his life!" I think she did. He had a wholesale business there in California and he and his two brothers were in society. One, Charlie Gregory, he always dressed in a long coat and a silk hat. I guess he thought old Winters had more money than he had. Of course, he had lots of property and everything, but cash was what they wanted. So all he gave her was \$5,000, and she ought to be glad to get that!

When they got to San Francisco, he wanted her to enter society. She wasn't going to put up with any dances, stuff like that. Well, you take a man out of his element; it kind of spoiled the whole program.

I want to tell about the stage robber. There was an old fellow at Virginia, he used to be around—my father always had friends among the breweries there and they were customers of his, so this man always stayed, happened to be around at different times at one of the breweries. So my father had collected quite a little money, he said, "Hoozie, wouldn't you like to go to the ranch and hunt a couple of days?" Hoozie had a wonderful dog and a wonderful gun and he would get his dog and gun and he would come over to the ranch. My father would have him stay overnight, and then he would walk and hunt back to Virginia. He was the man who was always well thought of, dressed well, and quiet and everything. When he got sick and during the time he died, he told them that he had held up the stage a couple of times, but he was smart enough; he held it up alone and he didn't squander the money.

Johnson Sides was a young Indian. Of course, there were a lot of Paiutes, he was raised by the Sides. They had the saddle horse out in the field. Dick Sides said to Johnson, "Hey, Johnson, go and catch that horse." Johnson was gone quite a little while and pretty soon he came back, leading the horse.

"You caught him, didn't you?"

"Yep."

"How did you do it?"

"Run him down."

During the time that the people had to move into Carson during the Indian troubles, he disappeared, whether with the Indians or what, they didn't know. Afterwards, he showed up. When I knew him as an old man, you know, and he was like Eisenhower, he was always talking peace. He had his pocket full of papers, you know, and show you.

The Indians used to come through the valley and sell fish, before they put in that dam on the Truckee River that took the water to Fallon. The fish would come up to spawn, and they used to catch lots of them and they would come through selling them.

One day I was out in the yard and here was old Johnson and my father had to come down. "Johnson Sides," and here were the two old men saluting each other. It was quite something, two old men saluting each other. My father said, "Johnson Sides," and Johnson said, "Sauer."

Sarah Winnemucca was here. Old Dick Sides had a big ranch down here, but when the Mormons moved out, he had a wife and two daughters and they went back with the Mormons. He used to entertain Sarah. One time he was just away for a while, and when he got back and he was just getting close to the ranch, a couple of white ladies came to call on him. Just about that time, here came old Sarah with a big knife after them. He said, "I got there just in time and when I hollered

'Halt!' she ran like hell." That was before I was born.

I knew old Dick well, because he used to be, afterwards when he was old, he worked for Winters down there. He had broken his hip once before, and as he was going down in the basement there, he slipped and broke it again. In a short time he died. It was when Dr. Huffaker was around practicing.

Old Dick, he was working for Joe Frey up here, and Joe wanted him to take—you see, every bale had a wooden tag. They used to bale hay and every bale had to be on the scales and have it weighed. Then they had little pieces of wood about six inches long, and they would put the number on it. So old Joe said, "Dick, push those figures up a little bit."

He said, "Lookahere, Joe, I'll steal from myself, but I won't steal for anybody else!"

After he lost his ranch, this was all burned off, he put a little shack there and a little corral and he had a horse and cart and he used to go along and look after the road. He only got fifty dollars a month. Somebody said, "You have come down a little, haven't you?"

He said, "Poverty will make any dog gentle."

Under the name of Richard Hyde Sides, he is in one of Mark Twain's books; he was quite a character. He was a big man, over six foot tall and he wasn't fat but he weighed considerable over two hundred pounds.

I know of the Washoes. There were three or four Indians that when Washoe first started, they were around. Then the whites took them and had them work for them. There at, Washoe, where they used to pack supplies up into the mountains to the woodcutters, people used to have these Indian boys go along with them.

This old Bill was telling us a story. He said, "Charley and I over at Bowers Mansion one time, big picnic there. One time I was there

and one of them fellows he had a big basket of grub there and he said, 'Injun, I'll give you four bits if you watch that basket.' And I say, 'All right, I'll watch it.' A kid come to me and try to get it and I slap them on the hands and run them off. This other time, Charley and I are standing there, nobody around and this great big basket of stuff. I says, 'What we going to do?' Charley says, 'Well, we going to take it along.'" At that time, the Indians, instead of a coat, they used to have a double blanket and they would have a strap to it and over their shoulders. He said, "I just throwed on the blanket and Charley dumped the whole basket full of stuff in there and we run until we get to the creek." He said, "Jesus Christ, we ate jelly cake for three days!"

There were Indian camps all over. They would camp back of the ranch down there when they first started. Once while my pop was gone, an Indian came around and he insulted my mother. When he got home—he wasn't much with a shotgun—he took the axe, he went there to the camp, and tore the campoodies all to pieces, and ran them off.

Afterwards, he heard one of the little girls crying that was up there. A drunken Indian had her, and my father run up and he said, "I grabbed the girl and said, 'Get out.' I knew if I laid hands on him, I would never let go."

Afterwards one time—he never liked to eat breakfast early—he was sitting in the house eating breakfast and the kitchen door opened and the medicine man came along. He walked right in and said, "What the hell's the matter you, Sauer?"

"I'll show you damn quickly." He went out through the kitchen with a big steak knife about ten inches long, and he grabbed that up and made a run at the medicine man. You couldn't see him for dust! We had Indians working for us all the time and Indian women used to come and wash.

I will tell a story about peddlers. One of the brothers was a shoemaker and he started a little shoe shop there in Washoe, mending shoes. He was telling he had a place up in Carson Valley. "I get sick. You know, you got eggs and milk cook pretty good. Flour and water no much good."

This other old fellow, he used to come through there all the time with two big valises that had little notions in them, you know, like pins and needles and maybe thread and little stuff like that. He would start coming up the yard and as he started coming up the yard, he started to go, "Ou, ou, ou." And as he got to the house, he would drop the two grips and with the handles not held together, they would both open and he would start in yelling, "Madame, Madame, I'm a poor man, I have a wife and three children. Buy something from me and then I will wish you good luck." Then sometimes he would stay overnight, you know, and he would order what he wanted to eat. Mama said to him, "You will eat what I give you." Then my father would come along and start to talk Hebrew to him.

My older brother George had this place down there at that dude ranch, the Biltmore. Every once in a while, they used to get Jewish people there, coming for a divorce. There was one Jewish lady there and she had her mother there with her. And George, as a youngster, and my father being around the Jewish people, he picked up quite a bit. He started jabbering when the old lady came along; "Is he Jewish, too, is he a Jew, too?" He would say things in German, too.

When we used to go down the street in Virginia, they would come up to my father; there would be an old Jew out there, and he would say, "Shalom." That is a greeting the Jews have. Then maybe there would be a Hungarian out there so he would start a greeting in Hungarian. Then maybe there

would be an Italian or a Frenchman, and, "Comment ca va?" He knew a little, enough for trade, of all the languages.

In the early days, when Yerington and the El Dorado Wood and Lumber Company started there, my dad had just started ranching there. They had a water right there. So, you know, he and Winters owned the creek. One day the flume company started a flume; they used to steal the water all the time. So Winters was back East all the time and it was up to my father to keep the water going. He used to have a lot of trouble. He went up one time when they had a big Dane watching the water. He had turned it into a flume and my father spoke to him about it. The Dane said, "None of your Bismarck here." My father was left handed, and the Dane started to hit my father over the head with a shovel. Father reached out with his left hand and grabbed him, and darn near drowned him. That went on, that settled him.

A short time afterwards, they had trouble again. Father went up there and that time they had another fellow there, but he improved on it; he pulled a gun on Father. Father knocked it out of his hand and he had a big scar where the bullet went through. Father got through with him, he darn near killed him. He went after old Yerington and old Yerington said, "I'll lawyer you out of every dollar you got." That is the way Englishmen spoke to American citizens!

All the water that came into the valley, of course, the first rights were taken up. But then there were the farmers below Washoe. They just wanted to buy the land, but Winters found out that they wanted it, and he stepped in and bought it. He gave them a right to put the dam in, thinking, you know, that he could spread over all his hay land, and raise twice as big a crop. They had an agreement where he was to turn off the water the first of July, because it would all drain out. Instead of that,

it backed up and filled in and all went to tules. That really went against him. He used to start in haying there the first of July, and then July through November, he used to have stack after stack of hay all over the fields—that wild hay. After that they used to keep so many cattle and so many sheep, he had to cut down.

The Steamboat farmers, the whole bunch of them came up here one time and tried to make trouble. At that time we had the ranch over there, and they tried to come in, but it didn't last long. They tried to pump out of the big lake. After the water goes down, they have no rights or anything, and they tried to pump the water out.

There never was any gun play. The only time there might have been gun play was when Winters and Twaddle had this suit over the water there. In the beginning, there were three rights to Ophir Creek. Bowers Mansion had one right, the Ophir ranch there that was owned by Winters had a third, and the Twaddle brothers had a third. They got into a racket there over water. The old man, Winters, he was kind of old and he thought he could still run the courts as he used to. He went up there and tore the head of the flume out. Bowers Mansion had a share in the flume. He had that share when he bought Bowers Mansion. He tore all of the head of the flume out, and he sat up there with a Winchester rifle waiting for Twaddle, but Twaddle didn't go up there that day. If he had, that old man would have just killed him.

The Twaddles didn't want any trouble. They went down to him and said, "Winters, we have been neighbors all our lives here, and we don't want any trouble. You give us \$20,000 for the ranch, we will sell out to you."

He said, "Sell out, you Mormon s.b.'s! I'll make your ranch so dry that gophers won't live on it!" Of course, they got a group of lawyers and a group of old Mormons that

would swear to anything about early rights and everything, and, of course, when it was ended, they won out. The Bowers water was lost and the Twaddles got a right to 184 inches, the first water. After the dry years when they took that out, there wasn't any left. That really killed the old man; he never was much around after that.

You heard stories about John Sparks up in Wyoming. He was supposed to have had troubles with the sheep men. Well, Winters, around Smoke Creek, he had big holdings, cattle ranges and sheep range. Lots of times, there would be springs that they didn't own, and maybe someone would come and build a cabin or something; come in with a small bunch of sheep, or try to come in. Here and there they would find a fellow who had a place like that killed. Winters had two henchmen out there. They did the work for him. Jim Looper was more of a man than Walt Nealy. He couldn't stand it afterwards. He got so he couldn't stand it, couldn't sleep or anything, so one night he said, "By golly, I'll sleep tonight." Then he finished himself.

Winters was forced to sell out. He ran for governor, you know, spent a lot of money, got behind, and the banks kind of forced him. Then P. L. Flanigan was in there at that time, and he was in trying to get hold of all that range. He was in the bank there, so I think when Winters sold out, he got something like \$100,000—not quite enough to pay all of what he owed. Flanigan ran for years, and then the bank sold him out, or something. I think a bunch of Frenchmen and different ones got ahold of it, and they sold out. When it was sold, it was sold for a million dollars. I don't know what Flanigan got. Those fellows wanted it all in one check. Flanigan was a big sheep man in Nevada.

Those fellows overdid themselves. They tried to control everything. Winters tried to

control everything. Finally the Frenchmen came in, these Spanish and different ones.

The Smoke Creek ranch is one hundred miles from Reno. If you were to take a plane, it was perfectly level on both sides and here's this valley, just washed out. That ranch was seven miles long, and I don't know how wide it was in the widest place, and the stream of water came right down through the center of it. All the fencing they had on it was a fence at each end, and maybe where a stream came down.

One time I was up on top of Mt. Rose and I looked way out there and I could see that green streak. There are a couple of peaks out there I knew about. I could locate it by the peaks, and I could see that green meadow a hundred miles out there.

Gilda Corecco was an old Swiss. On Sunday, he would come around and say, "Sunday is the day, have to wash behind the ears." He owned the Imelli place. They had a big milk route up in Virginia City, and they used to ship milk up on the train and deliver it. He said, "People would say that I put water in the milk. I don't put water, I just put some ice in."

The place was owned by some people in Dayton. There was a family, their name was Pedroli—no relation to these other Pedrolis. I don't know when Sam Imelli got it. He had it quite a while. His daughter is county clerk in Carson.

There were quite a few funny characters around here. There was old Bill Character. He had a shop down here and he was working on a perpetual motion machine. He had the most wonderful parts of the machine that he had worked out, you know, and cast them himself. Of course, he would get it all together, and it would run so long, but afterwards he wouldn't leave it all together. He would take it apart and would hide parts of it here and there. He

was afraid somebody would come and steal it. That was his real name.

He wasn't very good about using water. He said, "I wish I was colored, then I wouldn't have to wash. I was brought, my family had a mammy there and she had a youngster just about my age and she used to suckle me and that is why I have curly hair."

Some of the neighbors here were like old man Heidenreich. Bill Character lots of times didn't have any food, so Mr. Heidenreich was very good to him. Smith had a store down there, and he went to Smith and he said, "Let Bill have what food he wants. I'll pay for it. If the old fellow wants to work at what he has got, if he has got anything, can work out anything, so much the better. Then he don't have to bother about having to earn some thing to buy food." Bill was quite a large man, quite well proportioned. He didn't have a family.

That Washoe lake over there, you would think they never had any tragedies there, but there were quite a few people drowned over there. Sometimes people would come from Virginia, young people, and get in an old boat and get out a little ways. Up at the upper end of the lake, there was three men out in a boat and they were around there. I don't know if they lost their oars or what, and there was a Frenchman or a Canadian; he was on shore, and they were out there, hollering and everything. He had a boat there. He could have gone out and helped them, but they fooled around and first thing the boat tipped over and they all drowned. They said, "Why in thunder didn't you go out?"

"Oh, I thought they would get in some way.

I saw the remnants of the causeway across Washoe Lake. There were three rows of piles, big around like that [about a foot and a half in diameter]. The one in the center was plank,

it had stringer on, and then they had a long plank on to that. When we used to go through there, most of it was gone, a little of it was left, but most of it was burned.

The biggest burning around Washoe Lake was powder when they used to shoot. When those miners used to come down from Virginia, they would start in shooting in at twelve o'clock at night, and in the morning there would be—there was all that black powder at that time and most of them were muzzle loaders—from one end of the valley to the other, just a heavy cloud of smoke. Those old Cornish used to come over to the ranch, "Be God, we got some fine ones." And they would have a bunch of mud hens.

MY LIFE IN WASHOE VALLEY

The teachers at Washoe, they were dandies. Several times they used to take me before I was old enough to go to school, just to get me out of my mother's way. The first teacher I remember—there was one teacher there before I went to school—her name was Lizzie Niles. She had trouble one day with one of the boys, a big fellow. She had told him to go home one evening, and he started calling her names, so the next day she came to school with a whole bundle of big willows. When she got in there, she took off her watch and jewelry and put them in the big desk and locked the doors and gave one of the girls the keys. Then she said, "George, come up here." He didn't come and she went after him, running up one aisle and down the other, beating him all the way—got him down and hammered the packing out of him.

He had worn his father's vest and when he got home, the old man said, "What is the matter with you? Why did you tear that up?"

"Oh," he said, "we tore it playing pump, pump, pullaway."

The old fellow, he was a tough old fellow. He used to get knives and cut hell out of the kid. He came to find out what was wrong, so the teacher told him. "That is right. You ought to knock hell out of him."

This man afterwards went to Bodie and killed a man. I don't know that he was ever pardoned. He was put away for life.

Then the next teacher that we had, I might have gone to her a little bit, she was a big, plump chicken by the name of Lou Spencer. The next one we had only taught a year because then she got a school in Carson, where she taught for years. She was a young woman, I think her name was Ada Henderson. The school was too tough for her. We had some of those big girls and they were mean. She taught half a term.

Then they got a man by the name of James Ogilvie. He was a miner, but he used to teach school in Truckee. They never had school in the winter time, so my father got him. He was there for six months. He was a Mormon teacher. He made the big boys stand around!

He boarded at our place. If I had only had him for a few years, I know I might know something today. Of course, I never knew of a man that taught reading the way he did. He would make me read a whole page and stop at the bottom of the page and read every word backward.

Then the next year we had a woman. She was a pretty fair teacher, but nothing extra. That was Renee Palmer. She got a school in Reno. Then we got a real teacher, Ann Franklin. We had her for two years.

Then one of the trustees had a niece that didn't know beans, and she was the only teacher in the school. She was in there for two years. During the two years she was there, all she did, she would have two or three girls, about sixteen or seventeen, and they would be up and around her desk most of the time, talking about their complexions. Every one of them was as freckled as a turkey egg, and they were always telling about different things they used to get rid of those. At first it was cucumber water, and then it was buttermilk, and everything. The freckles seemed to grow bigger every time!

My father was a trustee at that time. There was a little disturbance, so he said when he called the trustees together, "You better get rid of that teacher."

Her uncle said, "Oh, it's not the money."

Father said, "That isn't it. She can't teach, so we don't want her."

Then we had a fellow by the name of Albert Price. He was a little bit on the religious side, and he wanted to read a verse of the Bible. Holy smoke! The town nearly went up in smoke! First the little old Irish woman, then there was the Methodist, and then there was another one, they were all hollering, it wasn't church. So they had to quit that. Then he had some trouble with the big girls there. He came along one day and one had the

other one down. They were about sixteen or seventeen years old. One was a big, fat girl, and the other one was tall. She had the other down, just knocking the packing out of her. Mr. Price came along and said, "Nettie, Nettie, get up there."

She said, "You get out of here, you jackrabbit, you. Cat's eyes are on you."

While he was teaching some of the boys, he used to drive from down to where they lived to the schoolhouse. He had a little buggy and a horse. They went to work and took one big wheel off and put it in front, and the other on the opposite side, behind. He was going this way all the time, and he drove that day after day and never knew what was wrong with it. There he was a school teacher!

When Miss Franklin came in, she was a wonderful teacher. After that, we had one teacher there from Virginia City, May Donahue, and she was a wonderful teacher. She only taught half a term, and she got a school in Virginia City. Then we had another teacher; she was from Virginia, too. She was passable enough. And that was the end of my schooling. I went directly to the University. I didn't do much there. We got a commercial course, and I didn't like it, and I didn't get much out of it. Afterwards, I was just like most of them—I read books and was my own teacher.

We had a few special celebrations in my school days. Friday afternoons, they would have little programs or something. One program they had when I was a little fellow, I think it was Pete Musgrove, he was kind of a young fellow and he used to amble down to the schoolhouse and the teacher, and they had him in, I don't know what the program was, but he got up on the teacher's desk; and you know all those old ink bottles they used to have, he grabbed one of those and sat there and commenced singing, "Ha, ha, ha,

you and me, you little brown jug, how I love you.” They had a little celebration for the last day of school.

There is one thing that happened. They used to have quite a little mix-up with the old ladies and the big sisters. Any one of the younger ones, they would all come and clean up on the teacher. About the second week, or maybe the third week of school, there would be a big bearded man knock at the door, walk in, wanted to know how things were going, how the teacher was getting along. “Now,” he says, “look here. If any of those youngsters of mine don’t mind, you just let me know.” That was Sauer. That settled it for the Sauer family.

Cattle ran up in the mountains before I was born, but along about 1900, old man Sam Longabaugh had a wood camp up there and he wanted someone to come up there. He would let us come up there. Of course, our cattle used to run up there and clear down towards Incline. So I used to go up the first of June, and we used to turn our cattle over. At that time, the Incline was shut down, there was nothing doing. Old Wheeler, the sheep man, got in there afterwards.

We used to go over the hill there. The time we left Grass Lake and got over the hill and down towards Incline and on tall meadows, the last snow that was there was four feet deep. When you got down towards the Incline in those canyons, the grass was way up there. We left the animals there through the middle of July when we would come up. I used to milk a few cows. I think I had about eight or ten cows and I used to milk them and make butter and take butter and milk over there. When I wanted beef, I would kill a beef and take it over to them. We were there until he quit up there. The last year I was up there, I think, was about 1906, the year I came back from the hospital.

Down toward the Incline, there was a field there. When the Incline people were there, they had a hay field there. For several years, there was a little cabin right at the Incline, just about from here, at my home to where you come up on the road [about one-quarter mile]. I used to live there, and had one of the little pastures fenced up where I kept about four pack horses and saddle horses. Then when the cattle started to go up toward the Tahoe Meadows, every few days I used to go out around to see that everything was all right.

Coming down the hill a couple of times, I saw a big patch, just red, and it was kind of dense trees and shrubs there. I missed it a couple of times, and so I made up my mind that when I came down the next time, I’d cut to one side and come through there. It was about two or three acres in there, just flat, just red with ripe, wild strawberries.

Then Sam Doten, he was camped up there, and Hugh Senseny was. They were fishing or something; they were around the Incline. So coming down the hill after that one day, I took a can, a two-pound coffee can, and I picked and picked and I took them down and cleaned them and I ate what I wanted. I wasn’t so hungry for them, but I had a two-pound can with enough in there. Of course, I never kept the cabin locked. I had a table to one side in there, and a couple of benches. I had these strawberries in that can there and I cleaned them and had sugar over them. So then I was going over to Brockway to get my mail, and I met these two fellows coming back. I said, “If you like strawberries, go in the cabin.” When I came back, the table was pulled out in the center of the room and the can was in the middle of the table and two soup spoons stuck in there. In Sam’s memoirs, he was telling about that.

We never had any trouble when we were running the cattle up there. We never had

trouble with rustlers. There was nobody around there. The only thing I had, those fellows used to run those cattle up on our range, and I would get up on the hill and send the dogs after them and run them. Among the cattle there was a big, short-horned bull; he came in there and he was hard to drive out. Sometimes we used to get him out of there; we would get the dogs after him and when we got him away from the rest of the cattle, we would take a shot at him. So one time he was in there, and I came back. I had just taken off my saddle and he was out there. I started after him, and all I had on the horse was a hackamore and a rope. So I started through the meadow and had the dogs after him. He got a little tired or something, and I rushed up alongside of him with the horse, and jumped on him, and got him by the tail so he couldn't throw me over his head. I rode him over the hill about two miles. When we got over on the other side going down, my horse came right along with me and going down the hill, I just threw up my legs and let him go out from under me.

We never had any trouble with the sheep men. I had the best fellow there, Andy Murphy. We used to be together all the time. Pete Murphy had a little ranch down close to the old McCarran ranch down in the canyon below Reno, and he had charge of them. Winters didn't have any more sheep to run up there.

Just before I was married, a horse kicked me in the face. We were hauling wood up to a mine, the Havas mine, my brother and I, and we had four horses and a big load of wood. We were going up these roads where you turn in and out; we kind of got stalled at one place. My brother was driving. I went to hit the horse or something, I don't know, but he jumped over a bush, and he got frightened and I was too close then and he got my face all mashed up. My lower jaw, that was all broken. Part of

my tongue, I lost afterwards. Frank was with me. He brought me back to the ranch. When he got to Washoe, we had two light horses in the team, and he got somebody to take care of the team and we borrowed a buggy and went to Reno. Then from there, they took me to San Francisco. Of course, it wasn't a hospital then, it was just opened two days before and that was right after the fire and earthquake and everything had burned and we had quite a time getting from the ferry building. Then I was there two months.

We had the most famous surgeon, Marshall, he was out at the Presidio. He used to come in on the cable cars. He was at the hospital every day at the same time. He told me how he became famous. He said, I think it was in Chicago, a soldier had his jaw all broken, and so he said that was his work and they turned the case over to him. This doctor, after that first patient, prepared his papers and he was about to go to Europe. He delivered this paper before the surgeons there. They voted that the most advanced. I lived longer than the doctor; he was an old man.

You see, he had no way of getting equipment when I was there, so he made casts of my mouth and nose and he took quite a few impressions; this part [lower jaw] with the four teeth and the part that was kicked loose, and they put that on. Then I had to put that cast in my mouth and then I had two rods come out this way and had plasters over; they shaved my head, and had these plasters stuck on there.

That San Francisco fair [Pan Pacific Exposition, 1916] was quite good, but all the fellows that came back there, they were telling about the cows and the pigs, and I saw enough of those at home. When I went down there, I wanted to see something else. I saw everything they had to display. The most wonderful thing there was that wall they had

around the fair grounds. The way they built that, they had boxes and they put these roots or whatever they had in there and they piled that up—it must have been twelve or fourteen feet high—all around. Then they came around and sprayed it, and that was all green. Then they came around with clippers and clipped that off and kept it smooth, just like you would have a wall of just hedge.

The newspaper boys would come around, you know, and they were all peddling papers and they would have the same thing. One little fellow, he had another way. He said, “Good clean papers if you want to sit down.” He thought he could sell them quicker that way than the news! That was 1916.

That was not the year that Sam Davis had all the Indians down there. Old Sam, he thought he was a witch. I was in a restaurant and I was working in Reno and I went in for dinner. Old Sam came in, and a couple of waiter girls were there, and he commenced to, well, you know, they didn’t know who Sam Davis was. He commenced rubbing it in or something. Before he got through, they told him a few things! I saw him lots of times but I didn’t know him to speak to him.

They tell the story about old Sam. He bought a cow there in town and this old fellow that was working for him, McCormack, he was telling about it. Pretty soon Mrs. Davis went out and she looked and she said, “You been cheated.”

He said, “Why?”

“Why, that cow has lost all her upper teeth!”

So Sam, he went back to raise thunder about it. The first time he knew the cow didn’t have teeth on her upper jaw!

He was telling me about Mrs. Davis. Sam was a great eater. Just as soon as he got through one meal, he wanted to know what they were going to have for the next meal.

So she said they had a big meal for him, and when he got through, he said, “What are we going to have for the next meal?”

She said to him, “You’ll just have to eat what I give you.”

Before Mother and I were married, I used to be in the mountains every year. We had about four or five hundred head of cattle, and we used to run them back over Tahoe Meadow and out through that country. We never had any disease in the cattle; no disease anywhere. Of course, once in a while, they would get poison, and you would lose one, but not often. Then when we came down here, we started a dairy herd and we started to raise dairy stock.

Then just before Boulder Dam was put in, they used to have droughts in southern California, and these Dutchmen around Carson Valley were always looking for a quick profit. They used to go down and buy whole trainloads of herds of these half-starved cattle down there and bring them up here. And with that, they brought all the disease. There used to be a traveler for the Cutter Laboratories. He and I got to be very friendly. Every time he came into this country, he used to come up here to visit me. He was telling me about all the trouble they had down there.

Then the “redwater” and bangs and TB broke out here. We tried every way until I got in touch with two veterinaries there at the University, Dr. Vawter and Dr. Steven Lockett. Lockett was from Jamaica. He was really Scotch. He had the look of an old Scotchman and he had a little of the brogue. Instead of going to England to a university, he took his degree at Pennsylvania. Vawter got his degree at Kansas. They were wonderful men. Whenever we got a sick animal or something, they would come out and do what they could.

I used to take every bulletin they’d put out, whatever they tried to tell you, we tried it. Perhaps you could save an animal once in

a while. We never got to the bottom of it. Old Lockett used to say, "By God, Bill, you and I ought to be partners."

I said, "Jock, we are partners, till we get that damn disease licked."

They told me, "Whenever an animal gets sick, the minute you notice one of them, let us know. Telephone to us and we will come out." Sometimes they would come at night when it was dark and work to save the cow.

One time I had a big animal, one of the stock cattle down there, longhorns. I pulled her into a brush pasture, and I thought I would go over at night and see how she was getting along. I took a sack of hay along with me, and I took it down and she was sitting there, I thought, half dead. She just jumped up like that! I had just put on a new suit of underwear and a new pair of levis. She made a dash at me, and I just got to one side, and her horn just ripped the levis and the underclothes, and tore them clear through, and she went on. I dropped down to get down, and when she went past me she turned around to come back at me. I had a little shepherd dog, and he jumped in front of her and stopped her. She went after him. I got down on my hands and knees, crawled off through the fence. There was just a red streak along there.

This went on and you could tell right away when a cow or a critter had it. It wouldn't be long before they were dead. You see, they just seemed to hit everything they came from. The animal was covered with blood. I had a young bull down in the field, and it was an expensive young Ayrshire bull. I called in, and Lockett and Vawter came out. I said I couldn't bring the animal up, they would fight, they were mean when they got the fever, you know.

Lockett said, "I'll give him a shot, and maybe we can save him." I gave him a saddle horse, he came back and said, "Why, he is dead already. If I had a bucket and some tools or

something, I would take some specimens." I gave him a bucket and a knife and I think a hatchet or something to open up the animal and he took specimens.

It was several months afterwards I met him on the street and he said, "You know, we've got something growing in the laboratory." They had isolated the germ of the redwater from that; they made vaccine that was ninety-seven percent efficient.

Today, the Johnny-come-latelys come in here. You can go through the valley with all those herds of cattle and you never see one case of that sickness. It used to be, if you would look through the valley in the morning, there would be one here and there. We never had good luck moving them; they had to be burned right there. And now these people come in and say, "Oh, we never have any trouble. All you have to do is go to the drugstore and get it."

We never had any trouble with tick fever. I had undulant fever. I operated on a cow one time, and had a scratch on my hand so I got a direct injection of undulant fever. I was ill for quite some time. We never had tick fever or Texas fever as it was called. In the cold country, you don't have it.

When my herd was first tested, every one was clean. There wasn't anything wrong with them, like TB or anything. Then a scrub came in here and rented the Winters dairy. The cattle were tested and there were reactors. They had to sell. He had got into a place in California where they had a lot of reactors and he got them cheap. He put them in here, and the first thing, it was all over.

They had this tuberculosis. That is where I got undulant fever from. See, there is three types of that, the porcine, the goats, and the cattle. A great deal of it is in the workers in the packing houses get it, handling the pork. When I got undulant fever, I was talking with

the old doctor down there and said it was five or six years that I was getting over it. He said, "You are lucky; some of them never get over it." I have had everything happen to me. It is like an auto. If you start in with a pretty good one, you can take lots of breaks.

Now it seems funny that the University has never given these two men, Lockett and Vawter, any recognition. They were wonderful fellows. The University should put them up there and put a purple robe on them and tell about what they accomplished. They don't know what these men went through.

Maybe one thing would be a little interesting, was the depressions we went through. The first one was the Cleveland. That time we had a lot of wheat on hand, about twenty-three, thirty, or fifty ton, something like that, and it was selling for \$18, and you couldn't sell it. Then we came along down to Teddy Roosevelt. He was the buster that time. That was the time of Tonopah and Goldfield. The people came in there by droves. I had men work for me afterwards that worked there. They said that every gopher hole had a mining company, and had a shaft there, and two or three men working. Of course, when Teddy got in, he was going to show the banks what to do. Ranching had kind of started up more, they were shipping hay out there, they were doing things like that. Well, he shut down on the bank or something, they took all the money from Nevada, and everything just dropped flat. There was another depression. The hay and everything had a big price, and whenever any farm products went up, labor went up. We had that and then we had the next depression. It was just before Roosevelt was elected. We were selling cows for two cents a pound and steers for four cents a pound, and paying eight percent to three percent, and then we picked up.

Before they were organized here or anything, whenever there was a fire here, all

the ranchers would get together to put it out, or try to put it out. Sometimes the county would send a bunch of fellows out, and they would get up on the hillside and find a good place to sit down where it was warm! The big fire that we had here started up back here near Price's Lake; that is quite a ways back. I saw where it started. Someone threw a cigarette in a manzanita bush that was filled with dry pine needles. It started from there and went straight across, clear over to Galena Creek and Slide Mountain. You see, that had been all timbered years ago, but all along the side was these big pitch stumps. And that burned clear up to the top, where they have that ski lift. For many nights that looked like a city up there, all these pitch stumps burning. It went clear across. We had a lot of timber land right from Grass Lake down onto Washoe there, that was all burned off. It was in the '20's.

We would fight the fire by running a row of men along and then with shovels we would kind of clear the stuff back, like the pine needles or brush or something. If it came along, we would throw dirt on it or something like that, and keep it back.

One time, we were over on Galena Creek fighting and the wind would come down through in streaks, you know, and there was no road or anything along there. We would get along the road to stop it. Right there at the Callahan ranch, there were fighting it along there. Old lady Callahan was there, and she said, "Jimmie hasn't milked the cows yet; don't you want to go out and milk the cows?"

They had an old fellow there by the name of Jim Murphy. He had jumped across a place in the road there and the fire was coming right down behind him and he was hollering to some of the boys, "Get the old lady out of the house, Jimmie, get the old lady out of the house."

I kept hollering at him to get out and the fire was right there. I couldn't stand it

any more. I jumped over a rock wall and got hold of him by the back of the neck and the seat of the pants and ran him out, or he would have burned. One place we got caught, there where the fire got behind us and I had to get down and crawl into Galena Creek and get out that way.

All the women in the valley would get together and make coffee and sandwiches. They would have big ten-gallon milk cans of coffee, two or three of them, and sandwiches, and take it up to the fire fighters. Dad would come down on horseback and take all of the food up.. We did this night and day.

There wasn't any organized fighting in those days, like there is now. The ranchers were the best fire fighters there were, they knew just how to do it. They would cut fire breaks. You had a place clear behind you, as it came down, you would set the fires in front of it, you know, and the two fires would come together and stop. The difficulty was where the wind would blow a spark over great distances and start more fires. Up here, this side of Ophir Creek, there was a big dry fir tree and the fir, they come loose, just like shingles. That got on fire and was burning way up, and some of those got loose and blew and started a fire about three quarters of a mile across the canyon.

I worked in Reno in the meat shops there, but we never ran a meat company here [at Washoe]. We ran a dairy. My brother was in Washoe, but I wasn't interested in it.

I worked for a couple of years in Reno in the meat market there, and at that time I knew nearly everybody in Reno. I didn't have many experiences in Reno. Only once. In the afternoon, they had a big pasture and a big slaughter house there and I used to go out in the afternoon and see that it was all watered. I came into town one day on a horse. I was just going to turn the corner there, right where

the Mapes building used to be, right on First Street, and they had those smooth stones to cross on, and just as soon as I turned, the horse slipped and fell and broke my ankle.

When you sold, at that time, if you got eight, six a pound for steers, it was a good price. When they sold it in butcher shops, I don't know what it was.

I remember some of my customers in Reno. I had Summerfields, and a lot of those. George Lohse's folks lived in Reno at that time, his father, mother; that was before he was born. We had them for customers. They had two shops there. They had two or three small wagons with one horse and they used to deliver. We had regular routes and the people would send their order in, in the morning, and it was put up and we would take it out and deliver it. We always tried to get everything delivered before noon.

There was one old fellow, his name was Updike. He was quite a character. He had a couple of dogs. He would go to one shop and put in his order, and, of course, he expected dog meat. Then he would go to the other shop, just split the order, so he would get two orders of dog food. They gave the dog meat for free. My brother used to say, if a fellow was poor, he only had one dog, but if he was damn poor, he had three or four.

This was the Reno Market. First it was Sauer and Grubb, and then afterwards, they had different partners. This was in competition with the Dixon. Then there was afterwards the Kornmayer boys had a shop there.

The Dixon's weren't very decent people in the trade. They would do most anything to try to get a customer. Mrs. Summerfield was always a very particular customer and she had this Chinese cook. Dixon was trying to get them all the time. They were determined to go and try to buy them. So one morning, one

of the boys from the shop delivered some loin chops and as he came out the door, he stopped a minute and the Chinaman had opened the first thing, Mrs. Summerfield went down and raised thunder about the meat order. Rob said, "We'll tell you all about that. We know just what happened." So you see, no other shop in town acted like they did.

We had about seventy-five milk cows. We had the first milking machine in the valley. We had the electricity from Bowers, so we could get the milking machine. Later, we didn't run it by electricity, we ran it by gasoline engines.

The brakeman on the train was stealing cream when we were shipping it. One of the head fellows in the office of the V & T, he had a brother and his brother and wife were running a sort of boarding house. All the cream that was shipped in was sweet cream and he used to help himself to that. Somebody told me about these fellows taking it out, so I asked them to keep track of the amount that was taken out. So they made a complaint to the V & T head office, and, of course, the fellow lost his job. They didn't pay me for it, though.

We had everything equipped with a steam boiler to steam everything out, and we used to ship sweet cream every day. Until the war came on, we were getting about eighty-five or ninety cents a pound for sweet cream. Then when the war came on, they wouldn't allow you to sell cream for anything other than making butter, and we got thirty cents a pound.

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